

JUST INSTINCT.

Fate was a cat, and Leonard Herrick was a mouse. There had been some rare sport, but Herrick was of the opinion that it could not last much longer. He had run this way and that way, and a thousand times he had fancied that he was going to escape. But always the velvet paws, with the long, sharp claws springing out of them, had caught him just in time. So at last he lay still, panting, not knowing which way to turn.

He was in a big city, all alone. The people who rushed by him were like the thoughts that whirled through his brain—they were shadows, and the everlasting train of them had no beginning or end. He could not distinguish the real men and women whom he saw from those whom he merely remembered. Now and again there appeared in the throng the faces of the dead. He did not mind those. But there were others that he shrank from.

He stood with his back against the iron fence in front of Trinity church.

Herrick's hands were in his pockets. He crumpled a crackling piece of paper, which meant that he could live several days longer if he cared to do so. As to a more extended future, he could not picture it. All the lines of his life seemed to end in a knot which could be by no means untied, but must merely be dropped. He remembered that there were miracles, but he could not think of one to wish for.

He crossed Broadway and walked down Wall street, slowly and with hesitation, for he had no errand. A voice cried, "Cab, sir!" almost in his ear. He turned and looked up at the man on the box.

"Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I still look like a gentleman?"

He felt toward the cabman as toward one who had given him a helping hand. Why not pay the debt? To do so would cost him only a day of his life. He had a \$5 bill in his pocket.

"Yes," he said, "Take me up to the Fifth Avenue hotel."

It was the first place that had come into his mind. He got into the cab and snapped the door. The cushioned seat and the comfortable support for his head were very refreshing. A fancy came to him that he would dine decently and then go to a theater. The extravagance would be trifling, for it was really of small importance whether he starved to death on Sunday or the following Wednesday. He was in a mood to make a jest of it all.

A strong glare from an electric light struck down into the carriage and made visible to him a package in brown paper that looked as if it might be a sandwich. The object protruded from under the seat. He thought it must be the cabman's supper which had been hidden in some small locker and had fallen upon the floor. The idea that the food should be spoiled was disagreeable to Herrick, and so he picked up the little brown bundle.

It was smaller than he had supposed, and it did not feel like bread. But had it been food and he at the last pang of starvation the touch of it would not have sent such a thrill through all his frame.

He knew that the contents of that package were money. It felt like a mass of bills folded, awkwardly wrapped up and fastened with elastic bands. Through the brown covering Herrick could feel the crispness of the government paper. The amount might be a poor man's monthly wages or a rich man's profit on a great transaction.

As to his own conduct in this matter, Herrick had no doubt whatever. Fate had thrown this money into his hands, and fate might take it away, but not if he could hold on tightly enough. His fingers trembled as he picked at the elastic bands. Suddenly and without his knowing why the rubber strings vanished with a loud snap that startled him, and the package sprang open on his knees. He caught a flash of green color, and then the cab rolled out of light into shadow.

It seemed a long time before another light struck in upon him. At the moment when it did so he saw a face close to the cab door, and he dodged back, covering the bills with his hands. But the chance passenger on the street saw nothing. He was thinking of his own affairs no doubt and had no inkling of the strange thing that passed so close to his eyes.

Herrick was himself again in a moment, and he bent forward, eagerly scanning the bills in his hands and counting them feverishly. There were 40 of them and each was of the denomination of \$1,000.

Throughout the later period of the young man's misfortunes he had had substantially but one wish—to rest. Rest has many forms, suited to a vast variety of individual tastes. To Herrick in his day dreams it had always taken the form of travel without care. All paths lie open for a man who has \$40,000, and there is no reason why care should sit behind him as he rides.

Herrick had only the most shadowy thought for the person who had lost this money. He did not even speculate upon the manner of its loss. It had passed into the control of one who needed it, and that was enough.

He disposed the notes in his pockets in the best interests of comfort and safety. Then he folded up the brown paper and pocketed that also, with a dim consciousness that if it were left in the cab it might get the driver into trouble. The fellow was honest, no doubt, and Herrick did not wish that he should suffer a wrong. He preferred to keep the wrapper himself and take the risk of it until he could find some means of disposing of it that would be safer than throwing it out of the cab window.

How to leave the cab was a question which concerned him nearly. He did not wish to confront the driver again, for there might be an investigation, and a question of identification might arise, in which case it would be well to have the man know as little as possible

of Herrick's personal appearance. He reflected with satisfaction that the spot on Wall street where he had entered the carriage had been rather dark.

The cab stopped suddenly, its path being blocked by a tangle of vehicles. Herrick softly put his hand upon the catch of the door. It yielded noiselessly; the door swung open.

Herrick stepped out. Turning back for an instant, he perceived the cabman sitting upon his box in entire unconsciousness of the fraud that was being practiced upon him. He was a poor man and doubtless worked hard for all the money that he received. Still, it was reckless to attract his attention again, especially so after having left the cab in that strange manner.

There was a way to the sidewalk through the press of vehicles. Herrick saw it from the corner of his eye and was about to take advantage of it. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself turned toward the cabman, and immediately he heard his own voice saying:

"I have decided to get out here. How much do I owe you?"

The cabman named his price, and Herrick paid him with the \$5 bill which had been the sum of his wealth and the end of it, so far as he could see, so short a time before. He counted his change carefully, remembering that he would probably have to wait until the next day before he could break one of the thousands. Enough remained to him from the bill for a supper, a bed and a breakfast.

When he had found a restaurant, he ordered a meal and ate it with relish. It was enchanted food. It was the fare on an Atlantic liner, the delicacies of European hotels and the fruits of the tropics.

He cared little for his bed. It would be no more than a place to lie and think of the future. It was many a night since he had really slept. Certainly with so much upon his mind he would not sleep this night, even if he should try. So when he had been shown to his room in a hotel he piled his pillows against the headboard of the bed and reclined against them, fully dressed. He was very happy. No question of right or wrong in what he had done or what he expected to do came to torment him. For a long time he had borne his life like a tremendous burden. This had suddenly slipped from his shoulders, leaving his natural powers benumbed.

In the midst of his first vision of a new life he was aroused by a knocking at the door. He started up; his legs would hardly support him; he had no voice with which to ask who was there. But one explanation was possible. He must have been watched by the police.

He tottered to the door and gave utterance to a hoarse, inarticulate sound.

"Eight o'clock, sir!" cried a voice without. "You asked to be called, sir."

He rushed to the window and flung open the shutters. Day streamed in, strong and beautiful. The gas flame paled. He knew that he had slept as he had not slept before in years. In the mysterious depths of his life he felt a new strength stirring, but it was only nascent as yet.

A bath and a breakfast revived him still more. He felt the exhilaration of a busy day upon which he was entering. He scanned the papers, but so far as he could see they had no news of the money that had been lost. He was not conscious of any excitement in searching for that news. The fear of detection had quite left him. Of all stolen goods, money is the hardest to recover.

Presently he found himself riding down town in an elevated railroad train. He was going to a steamship office to arrange for his journey, then to a banker's for a traveler's checkbook. His pockets were bulging with money, but there was something in one of them that he couldn't remember to have put there. He pulled it out and found it to be the brown paper wrapper that had contained the money. As he held it in his hand it was concealed by his newspaper. No fellow passenger could see it, and it was doubly fortunate, because in plain sight upon the paper were the name and address, "Herbert L. Graham, 40 Wall street."

The train was just stopping at Rector street. That was the station nearest the steamship office. Thrusting the brown paper back in his pocket, he left the car and went with the throng down to the street. He was thinking about the accommodations he would choose on the steamer. He continued to think of that and kindred subjects, yet he turned north on Broadway instead of south. Presently he found himself asking an elevator boy in a big building if he knew where Mr. Graham's office was.

Mr. Graham happened to be in his outer office when Herrick entered. He was pouring a story into the ear of another gray haired Wall street man, and Herrick heard a few words of it—something about cabs and cash and carelessness.

"I have found the money that you lost," said Herrick. "Here it is."

"Zion!" cried the banker, clutching the bills in his fingers. "My dear fellow, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," replied the young man. "I merely found it in the cab."

Mr. Graham eyed him a moment in surprise.

"You take it coolly," he said.

"I couldn't take it at all," responded Herrick, with a feeble smile. "I don't know why. It was instinct, I suppose. My ancestors must have been honest men."

"Upon my word, you must take one of these notes," said the banker. "I've offered it in an ad. and—"

"I can't do it," said Herrick. "I don't feel it to be right."

"But, my dear boy," exclaimed the old man kindly, "I must do something for you. I want to, believe me. At least come back and take lunch with me. Shall we say 1 o'clock?"

"It will give me great pleasure," said Herrick, and, bowing, he turned away and walked out of the office.

Everett Holbrook in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MURDER CHARGED.

Chicago Sausage-Maker Accused of Killing His Wife.

HE IS ARRESTED AND PUT IN JAIL.

Officers Claim That He Strangled His Wife and Threw Her Body Into a Vat to Be Eaten Gradually by Powerful Acid.

Chicago, May 18.—Adolph L. Luetgert, a rich sausage maker, is a prisoner in the East Chicago avenue police station on the charge of strangling his wife, boiling her body in a vat of diabolical fluid and then throwing the few remaining bones upon the red-hot steam pipes of his big factory smokehouse. This is the story of the police. Luetgert maintains a stolid indifference, and says he is innocent, but the police have woven around him a chain of circumstantial evidence which they claim will convince any jury of his guilt.

The story of the alleged murder, as told by State's Attorney McEwen, Inspector Schack, Capt. Schuetzler, Sgt. Spengler and Detectives Qualey and Dean, if true, is almost without parallel in the annals of Chicago crime.

It is claimed that the woman was enticed from her home May 1 last. She had lived unhappily with her husband for as many years as the neighbors can remember. There were frequent quarrels. The husband was vexed by financial troubles. He was scolded by his wife for things which had been the talk of the street. Luetgert resolved to stop the whole matter. It is insisted by the state's attorney's force that he planned for a week to put an effectual end to the family row. Summarized, the evidence which the police claim to have unearthed is that Mrs. Luetgert accompanied her husband to the factory at ten o'clock on Saturday night, May 1, and was then strangled or overpowered.

Body Eaten by Chemicals.

It is proposed to show that Luetgert had all the details fixed for nearly a week in advance. There was a vat in the basement. It was used for boiling meat for sausage. It had not been used for ten weeks, due to dull times. This vat is 12 feet long, three feet wide and five feet deep. It is made of wood. This vat was filled with a satanic solution a week before this night. It was such a powerful bath that it takes the skin from the finger the moment it touches it. This sort of a bath has no use in sausage making, and the men who work in the factory claim they never saw anything like it in the vat. It appears that after Mrs. Luetgert was possibly strangled in the apartment of her husband, the body was taken into the basement and dropped into this bath.

It is claimed further that Luetgert stood beside this vat for two hours and watched the effect of the chemicals upon the body of his wife. It is evident it was expected the bath would wipe out all traces of her being. The solution seems to have failed. It worked successfully upon the small bones, but left the large joints and a part of the skull intact. Luetgert watched the dissolution of the body until he imagined the work was complete. He calculated almost accurately, but he did not figure that the rings on the woman's fingers would stand the chemicals. The rings were left in the vat, and there they were found by the detectives. They have been positively identified. This is where the man failed in his plan.

He waited two hours or more for the flesh and bones to dissolve, and then seems to have become discouraged. He gathered together the larger bones, it would appear, and threw them on steam pipes in the smokehouse which were made red-hot, figuring on thus destroying them. In this he failed. The officers have found parts of human bones. It does not take an expert to show that the bones are from a human skeleton. There are pieces of a skull. These are the main portions of the evidence upon which he has been arrested.

Has Cash for Creditors.

St. Louis, May 18.—Receiver William J. Stone, of the defunct Mullinphy savings bank, reports that rapid progress is being made in winding up the affairs of the bank, and that a final settlement will be reached much sooner than was expected. He has asked the circuit court for an order to make a partial settlement. He says he will be able to pay out \$175,000, and \$200,000 within the next few days if the court grants the order.

Offers a Reward.

St. Paul, Minn., May 18.—Gov. Clough has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$250 for the capture and conviction of the murderer or murderers of W. D. Borell and his wife near Howard Lake, Saturday. No further reports have been received from the scene of the tragedy.

Chapman in Jail.

Washington, May 18.—Elverson P. Chapman, the recalcitrant sugar trust witness who refused to answer a senate committee's questions as to whether he had acted as a broker for any senators in speculations in sugar trust, occupies a cell at the District jail, and will continue therein for 25 days. Chapman surrendered himself to United States Marshal Wilson at four o'clock Monday, in accordance with an understanding previously reached.

Illinois Legislature.

Springfield, Ill., May 18.—In the senate no business was transacted, as there was not a quorum present. The house convened at five o'clock, and was in session a little more than an hour. The time was occupied chiefly in calling up bills by unanimous consent, or under suspension of the rules, and advancing them on the calendar, and in most cases making special orders of them for some day during the present week.

Monuments to Illinois Troops. Springfield, Ill., May 18.—The Illinois Battle Field Monument commission met Monday night and decided to erect nine monuments each at Lookout Mountain and at the north end of Mission Ridge to the Illinois regiments which participated in those battles. They also received plans for a granite monument 100 feet high, which it is proposed to erect on the top of Mission Ridge, on the spot where Confederate Gen. Bragg had his headquarters.

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Good Citizens' Convention. Nashville, Tenn., May 18.—To-day in the Gospel tabernacle, the National Good Citizens' association will meet in convention lasting three days, the purpose being to organize an International Good Citizens' league. Indications are that the convention will be largely attended. Mayor McCarthy, of Nashville, will deliver an address of welcome and at the first session officers will be elected. The movement is non-partisan and is intended to promote good government, liberty and prosperity.

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